Gray-Haired Father Opens His Heart to Speak fo...

ten weeks, and then only on Saturdays."

"Was that last customer Henry was waiting on a man with a child?"

"I didn't see."

"Did you see Paul Beattie early that evening?"

"Yes. He came in the store about 8 or 8:30."

"Did you see him and Henry talking together?"

"When I went to the front door going out they were together."

"Where do you work in the day?"

"With the W. S. Donnan Hardware Company. My work at the store is just overtime work."

Mr. Beattie Called.

Henry C. Beattie, Sr., father of the accused, was called to the witness stand at 3:55 o'clock. There was a profound hush in the courtroom, a painful silence, as the whiteheaded man, with care-lined cheeks, made his way to the witness chair. He gave his age as fifty-eight and stated that his wife was not living.

"How long have you lived in Manchester?"

"Forty years."

"You are the father of Henry Beattie, Jr., the accused?"

"Yes."

"How old is he?"

"Twenty-seven the latter part of next month."

"How many children have you?"

"Two sons and a daughter. Henry is the middle child."

"When did his mother die?"

"She died about ten years ago, when he was about sixteen years of age."

"Have your relations with Henry been closer and more intimate on that account?"

"Is that relevant?" asked Mr. Wendenburg, but he at once waived the objection. Mr. Beattie answered:

"Our relations were certainly more close? I tried to take the place of his mother."

"Have your relations been closer than usual between father and son—I mean even before his mother's death and since?"

"Yes, since he was a child. We had twins not very long after Henry was born and he was neglected, and I had to look after him more than I would have done otherwise. Ever since I have sympathized with him and looked after him more closely than the others."

"Do you know what was his reputation for truth and veracity in the neighborhood, in both social and business circles?"

"There was no question about it at all. His reputation was certainly good."

"What was his reputation as to peace and good order and kindliness of disposition?"

"Well, that has to be answered in the same way—good."

"What was Henry's position in your store and how long had he been there?"

"He stopped school when he was eighteen. He had been at McGuire's; and had been in the store for eight years. He has charge now of the shoe and gents' furnishing departments. He does nearly all the buying for those two departments. He has grown into that position gradually."

Knew of Binford Girl.

"Did you know about Henry's having been involved with this woman, Beulah Binford, some years ago?"

"I did."

"How did you find it out?"

"Is that evidence?" asked Mr. Wendenburg.

"It shows the relations between father and son," replied Mr. Carter.

"The jury has a right to know what manner of man it is who is accused of a crime," said Judge Watson. "He may lay his whole life bare."

"I had heard rumors," answered Mr. Beattie, "and I asked Henry about it and he told me all about it."

"Did he tell you the entire truth?"

"Yes."

"That was before his marriage?"

"Yes."

"Did his marriage meet with your approval?"

"Yes."

"It was a source of happiness to you?"

"Yes."

"Why is this introduced?" asked Mr. Wendenburg.

"I want to show," said Mr. Smith, "the comfort and joy the father had found in the new daughter as an additional reason to show that the motive that has been presented here is false and unreasonable."

"Was that marriage a source of happiness to you," he repeated to the witness.

Happy Over Marriage.

"It was entirely agreeable to me not only on account of the girl herself, but because Henry was going to marry."

"They continued to live with you after their marriage, sharing the same dining-room, sitting-room and being a part of your household?"

"Yes."

"What were the relations between you and your son's wife?"

"As a father and daughter. When she came into the house I knew little of her compared to what I found out afterwards, and I came to look on her as I do on my own daughter. She was of a lovable disposition. I have a little girl to whom I am more demonstrative naturally than I was to Henry's wife, but otherwise I looked on her as my own child."

"When her baby was born, how did that affect you? I know this is trying on you. Take your time in answering."

All in the courtroom noticed the labored breathing of the careworn man, and his low voice, scarcely above a whisper, was heard through the courtroom, the quiet being tense and unbroken to the back row.

"That event brought us together," answered the grandfather of the baby by Louise, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks, and he stopped.

Louise Said She Was Happy.

"Was there any particular occurrence at the time of the birth of your grandchild to reveal the regard of your daughter-in-law toward yourself?"

"About two weeks before she died I was in her room, with the baby in my arms. I was talking to her in a pleasant and sympathetic way. I told her I felt to her as a father, and anything I could do for her I would—that my sole object was to make her happy. She made the remark that she was just as happy as she cared to be. I said that the birth of her child was to me just like starting life all over again. My children were nearly grown, and I spoke of the sad life I had lived since my wife died."

"Is the sadness of Mr. Beattie an issue in this case?" asked Mr. Wendenburg. "Isn't that going rather far before the jury?"

"I don't think it is an issue," answered the court.

"What were the relations," asked Mr. Smith, "between Henry Beattie, Jr., and that daughter-in-law?"

Never a Jar Between Them.

"They were all that could be desired so far as I was able to judge."

"Tell the jury how they lived and demeaned themselves."

"They lived very congenially together. I never saw them without the best of feeling. I never heard a jar between them or of any discord. I thought their relations were perfectly natural."

For the first time since the night of the murder Henry Beattie, Jr., showed traces of emotion. His shoulders moved, his face reddened and finally his face fell forward and as his father continued his story the young man shook with sobs. His brother, Douglas, sat with an arm over his shoulder while the young man's eyes streamed with tears he did not shed under more distressing circumstances. His father's feelings were even more affected and he struggled hard to answer audibly the questions propounded by his attorney.

"Of what church are you a member?" asked Mr. Smith, quickly.

"The Porter Street Presbyterian. I have been an elder for about twenty-five years."

"Have you been a member of the Manchester City Council?"

"Yes, I was at one time chairman of the Finance Committee."

Henry and Paul at Store.

"Do you remember what time it was when Henry Beattie, Jr., left the store with Paul on the Saturday night preceding the homicide?"

"It must have been nearly 10:30 o'clock. Ordinarily the store closes at 10 o'clock. There were clerks in the store as late as 10:30."

"Did you see Paul there that night?"

"Yes, he came over there very frequently. I think I saw him there earlier in the evening. That's my impression."

"Do you remember what time Henry left your house on the Tuesday night of the homicide?"

"I was sitting out on my side porch after I had read as long as I could see to read on the porch on a July night. I saw Henry Clay back out of the garage in his car. Just what time it was I couldn't say, but it was about 8 or 8:30 o'clock."

"Was Henry acquainted with your feelings toward your daughter-in-law and grandson?"

"He thoroughly understood it."

"What was the first intimation you had of any trouble that night?"

The old man cleared his throat two or three times, his face working convulsively. Henry hid his face behind the big leather satchel in which his counsel keep their court papers.

Got News of Shooting

"After reading for some time," said Mr Beattie, "I went upstairs and shaved. About 10:30 o'clock I heard some one call on the telephone. Douglas, my other son, answered. I caught from the conversation the fact that something had happened to Henry; that he had been held up and shot or something of the kind. Douglas asked who it was talking and I think he said it was Dr. Mercer. That didn't convey any information to me. I had told Douglas I thought Henry had gone to the Owen place, and to phone there. He did phone there and the statement came back that Henry had been held up."

"Did you go out there?"

"The information that came to me was that Henry was seriously hurt. You can understand my feelings when I arrived. Douglas proposed a taxicab, but I said that the street cars were running. Douglas, my daughter and I went out on the Forest Hill car to North Street and walked to the Owen home. When I got there, there seemed to be quite a commotion. I saw through the window before going in somebody lying on a couch, whom I took to be Henry. I went in and saw it was him. I noticed a cut across his nose with blood on his face. I asked if he was badly hurt."

"You went in thinking Henry had been hurt?"

"Yes."

Told Louise Was Dead.

When did you find ... was your daughter-in-law that was dead?"

"I asked Henry if he was badly hurt. I found him sobbing and crying, moaning low in anguish of feeling. I asked if he were badly hurt. He said No. My next thought was about Louise, and I asked: 'Where is Louise?' He didn't answer, only looked more grim. Mrs. Walker asked me if I hadn't heard about Louise. I said I had not, and she said Louise was dead."

"What was your feeling?" asked Mr. Smith.

"That isn't evidence," objected Mr. Wendenburg.

"The court thinks," said Judge Watson, "that the answer is obvious."

"What happened next?"

"Mr. Owen had asked me to bring Henry some whiskey. I got out a small flask before leaving home and tried to fill it from some whiskey which we keep in the house for medicinal use. I was so agitated I poured more on the floor than in the flask. I probably filled it half full. Seeing Henry's state I gave him the flask and told him to take some. He kept the flask."

"Did you see him afterwards that night?"

Close to Henry That Night.

"I was very close to him the whole night. For only a few moments at a time was he out of my sight. He is reserved like myself. I was far the more agitated of the two at the time. I kept close to him for fear he might do something mad. I wanted to keep close by him."

"Did you see any further particular manifestations of grief?"

"Of course I was noticing him more particularly than others. He was weeping."

"Did you see him with anything in his hand belonging to his wife?"

"He had one of his wife's slippers. He seemed to be fondling it—holding it as something he prized and grieving over it."

"How did he control himself with strangers?"

"He tried to control himself and give all the help he could. He had more control of his feelings than I had."

"Did that state of grief continue?"

"While we were together, as we were several times that night, he was very much grieved."

"When was it you saw him with the shoes?"

"When I got there."

Statement as to Murder.

"Did you hear Henry make a statement as to how the murder occurred?"

"I did."

"Which side did Henry say the man appeared who shot his wife?"

"He told Sydnor that the man appeared on the left hand side, about in line with the front wheel."

"Mr. Sydnor has testified that it was the right hand side. What about that?"

"Mr. Sydnor must have misunderstood him. He said left."

"Did you hear Henry's statement to Detective Tom Wren?"

"No."

"How often did Henry take his wife out in his car before the baby's birth?"

"Do you mean alone or with others? Several times he and she went alone, probably they were out two or three times with others."

"Was he attentive to his wife up to the time of her death?"

"He was as far as I was capable of judging. I found no fault with his attentions to her. He always kissed her good-by when he went out in the morning and at dinner time."

Saw Them Together.

"Do you remember seeing Henry Beattie, Jr., and his brother-in-law, Henry Owen, at the side of the house near a hedge?"

"I have heard the testimony here. He was rarely out of my sight. I missed him and asked those standing by if they knew where he was, and somebody informed me that he had gone down with Henry Owen to the end of the hedge. I walked down there and found them standing talking together. I put an arm around both of them and tried to say a few words of comfort. They were standing talking together and seemed to appreciate sympathy. I left them there together."

"Did you have anything to do with the burning of the clothes of your daughter?"

"What is the use of that?" asked Mr. Wendenburg. "We have voluntarily explained how the clothes came to be burned."

"Do you know anything about a bloody gauntlet or glove?"

"No."

"Have you done anything, or any member of your family, or your son Henry, done anything so far as you know to keep back any clothes or anything that you know?"

"No."

"That has been your attitude from the beginning?"

"Yes."

Did Not See Gauntlet.

"Did you see the gauntlet?"

"I don't recall having seen it."

"Did you ever see that gun exhibited here until at the coroner's inquest?"

"I couldn't identify it now as the one shown me at the coroner's. I never had it in my own hands."

"Was your garage locked when the machine was out?"

"No, the doors were left wide open when the machine was out."

"How close is the garage to the street?"

"About thirty-three feet. There is no gate between."

"Did you see the machine the morning after the murder? I want you to state whether any part was washed off next morning."

"I do not know of my own knowledge."

"Whose business was it to do it?"

"A colored driver, Walter Howell."

"Will you bring him out as a witness in the morning?"

"Yes."

"How often was the machine used that night in going up and down the road?"

"It went up the road twice early in the night and then once down to my house and back up the road. I know it went down to my house again. I went with it. The following morning it either went to Richmond once or twice—once about a tire, and I think that evening about flowers."

"Did it go to Maury Cemetery?"

"Yes."

"What were the road conditions?"

"There had been no rain and it was very dusty, both in Manchester and out at the cemetery."

"Take the witness," said Mr. Smith at 5:07 o'clock.

No Cross-Examination.

"Stand aside," said Mr. Wendenburg, waiving all cross-examination.

Attorneys Smith and Carter retired for a consultation and returned to the court-room at 5:15 followed by a colored woman, Mary Jackson.

In answer to Mr. Carter Mary said she lived at Mr. Northrop's farm, not far from the Midlothian Pike on the right hand side going out. She had lived in that neighborhood about four years.

"Do you know where this murder was committed?" she was asked.

"Not exactly."

"How far do you live from the Belt Line?"

"About 100 yards."

"Do you live near Mrs. Stegar?"

"Yes."

"You are generally acquainted with the neighborhood?"

"Yes."

"Did you see any strange man in that neighborhood shortly before the murder?"

"On the Sunday before the murder an old man came to Mrs. Stegar's begging for something to eat. He came out of the woods and went back into the woods."

"Was he a tall or short man?"

"A tall man."

"As tall as I am?" suggested Mr. Carter, standing.

"I guess so."

"Was he a stout man?"

"Yes."

"Was he smooth shaved?"

"No."

"Did he wear a beard?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long since he had shaved?"

"I could not say."

Measured His Whiskers.

"Well, how long was the beard?"

The witness held her hand in front of her face to indicate the length.

"Hold on," called Mr. Wendenburg. "Judge Gregory, hold your hand there. Sheriff Gill will you take a pencil and get me the length of that beard in the centre."

With a long pencil the sheriff measured the space indicated by the colored woman between her chin and hand as the length of the highwayman's beard. On the pencil it was five or inches long—a good, patriarchal growth, suggested Mr. Wendenburg.

"Was it about this long?" asked Mr. Wendenburg, holding up the pencil at the spot marked by Sheriff Gill.

"Yes, that's it."

"What color was that beard?"

"I don't know."

"What color was his hair?"

"I don't know.

"Have you see him since?"

"I have not."

"Could you say how old he was?"

"No."

"Did Mrs. Stegar see him?"

"Yes."

"Is she sick?"

"Yes, she has rheumatism."

"How long has she been sick?"

"I don't know."

"When were you there?"

"Day before yesterday."

"What was she doing?"

Feeding Her Chickens.

"She was walking around the yard feeding the chickens."

"It would see that this woman is able to come to court," suggested Mr. Wendenburg. "I ask that a rule be issued for her."

"The physician's certificate has been handed in that she is unable to come," suggested the court. "Cannot counsel make some arrangement for taking her deposition?"

"How many weeks ago was it you saw this man?" asked Mr. Wendenburg, referring to the colored witness.

"I couldn't say. It was quite a while back. It had almost slipped from my memory."

"Was it four months ago?"

"If it had been I would have forgotten it altogether."

"What month was it in?"

"I think it was in July."

"You are not positive?"

"No, I will not say it was."

"Is it unusual for tramps going along the Belt Line trucks to stop and ask for food?"

"I couldn't say. I see many people pass, but I couldn't say that they are tramps."

"You are sure he had a coat on?"

"Yes."

"What about a hat?"

"He didn't have any hat on."

"Did you notice the color of his hair or beard?"

"No, sir."

When this additional long-bearded highwayman had been introduced court adjourned until this morning at 10 o'clock. Henry Beattie went back to his room on the first floor of the Chesterfield jail. Paul Beattie was brought back to his old quarters at the Henrico jail.

THE PROSECUTING WING

Reading from left to right—Scherer, Jarrell, Wendenburg, Gregory.

(Photo by W. W. Foster.)

PRISONER WEEPS IN COURT WHILE FATHER SPEAKS

(Continued From First Page.)

is evidently no intention of abandoning the original story of the crime. ... all accounts, the real, genuine highwayman, if one ever existed, was a big m... six feet tall and weighing about 200 pounds. Such a description would scarcel... apply to Paul Beattie. In fact, nothing has developed yet to indicate any pur... pose to charge this weakling directly with the crime. And yet the gun th... killed Mrs. Beattie was the gun he bought, with Henry Beattie a block away in an automobile, waiting for him. If he still had the weapon in his possession Sunday morning, in spite of everything he has said, what after all does it mean beyond the falsehood? Complicity? But that will help Henry Beattie none, and only bring Paul into the toils with him.

Current speculation is something like this now, and in the meantime all wait eagerly to hear from the prisoner himself. On his part Paul flatly denies the Neblett story, and the State is preparing to back him up. Before the trial is much older there will probably be a good deal more to this feature of the case.

Father of Prisoner Takes the Stand.

The session was drawing toward a dull close when the defense suddenly called the father of the prisoner to the witness chair. For a moment the tall, straight figure of the old man stood before the court as the oath was taken. Then Mr. Beattie sat down and began. The crowd bent forward with sudden interest. In all the progress of the great trial one thing has stood out unchangeably, however else the scenes might shift from day to day. That thing is a very deep and very genuine sympathy for the gray and sorrowing father of the unhappy boy within the bar. It was evident in every face yesterday.

Speaking so low that few could hear at first, Mr. Beattie told of the early life of his boy and of his own care to guide his footsteps into the path of high and straight truth. The child's mother died when he was very young, and father and son grew up in a close companionship that has continued unbroken to the present day.

"I have tried to be both father and mother to my boy," he said, simply.

A note of pride crept into the low voice when he spoke of Henry's growing share in the big Hull Street business, which has brought the family into prominence. The boy stopped school at eighteen and began as a clerk in his father's store, and gradually worked himself up.

"Now," he said, with a pathetic disregard of the real present and the possible future, "he has full charge of two departments."

Long hesitation followed a question touching the involvement of young Beattie with the Binford girl. Finally, bending his fine old head, Mr. Beattie admitted that he had known of this a long time. He had heard rumors, and one day went to the boy and asked him if they were true. Henry told him all. He seemed glad to think that his son had concealed nothing. The relations ceased, he said, when Henry was married.

Proud That Son Was Soon to Wed.

Of the wedding itself he spoke with great emotion. The young man's determination to marry met his warm approval, not only because he thought it would make him settle down to the serious side of life, but also on account of the girl herself.

"I soon grew to love her as I did my own daughter," he said. "When the baby was born this drew us all very close together. To see the child was like renewing life to me.

"About two weeks before she—died," he went on, swallowing painfully, "I had the baby in my arms one day. We were talking in a very intimate way. I told her I wanted her to know she was as a daughter to me. She told me then that she was very happy."

His son, too, seemed happy, Mr. Beattie said. The young couple lived in the Beattie home, and appeared very devoted. They were perfectly congenial and contented with each othe:. There was never a cross word. Henry showed his young wife every attention, and was often out with her. Whenever he went from the house without her he kissed her affectionately, no matter how many times a day this happened.

"Did Henry know of your feeling for the childe and its mother?"

"He did."

The courtroom was very still. Tears were standing in the eyes of Mr. Beattie, and his voice shook with emotion. Over at the far end of the bar his son leaned his head on one arm and sobbed.

"What was the first intimation you received of the trouble, on the night of the homicide?"

Mr. Beattie described the telephone message, the hurried trip to the Owen home, the scene there.

"I found Henry sobbing and crying and moaning. I had understood that he alone had been hurt. I asked him about Louise."

The strong face quivered. For almost a moment the low voice ceased.

"He did not answer," said the witness slowly at last. "I then knew that Louise was dead."

With calm but positive tone the father rose to the defense of the son. Many of the State's witnesses had said Henry Beattie showed little sign of grief that night.

"They are mistaken," declared the older man. "My son is like myself, and does not often make a display of his sorrow. But he was suffering. I knew that. I stayed very close to him during the whole night, because I was afraid he might do something rash. I could observe him better than the others. Once I was kneeling by his side. He had one of his wife's slippers and was fondling it."

Counsel were forced repeatedly to request Mr. Beattie to speak louder. He asked for a glass of water and then went on. He admitted that Paul Beattie was in the store on the Saturday night on which it is charged that the gun was bought. Earlier in the day one of the clerks had also stated that Paul and Henry went off together in the automobile some time after 10 o'clock that night. Various points concerning the incidents following the homicide were taken up during the testimony of the elder Beattie. He was present at the conversation between his son and the Commonwealth witness Sydnor, and denied that young Beattie had told Sydnor the highwayman shot from the right side of the road. He knew nothing of the so-called red gauntlet which has mysteriously disappeared. From the very beginning he had issued instructions to give the police every possible aid. There was no disposition in any quarter to keep anything back, he declared.

Finally the defense relinquished the witness, and the crowd sat suddenly forward expecting the prosecution to renew the attack, which had been exceedingly vigorous at other times. Mr. Wendenburg made a quick motion.

"Mr. Beattie, you can stand aside, sir," he said.

Condemns His Grandson.

In striking contrast came the accusers of Paul, the cousin. There are few to say a good word for the boy now. The defense is pounding and pounding the star witness of the opposite side, and it is not done yet According to report, it will be prepared to-day to prove that Paul did in fact declare after the inquest that he was glad of the opportunity "to get even with Uncle Henry and his family." Reference has already been made to Neblett's story. And there was still more.

Even Paul's grandfather, David Beat-

BEATTIE MURDER TRIAL REPORT SENT OUT BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

For Busy Readers

For the convenience of readers who desire a brief account of the trial, The Times-Dispatch will print daily the report prepared by a staff correspondent of the Associated Press. His story appears below.

(By Associated Press.)

Chesterfield Courthouse, Va., August 31.—Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., indicted for the murder of his wife, sobbed like a child to-day when his gray-haired father, in a low, tremulous voice, told of the domestic felicity of his son and the slain woman, Louise Owen Beattie. It was the first time that the stolid appearance of the prisoner's countenance had given way during the trial. The testimony of the father in his son's behalf came as the dramatic close of a long day's battle by the defense against the evidence heaped up by the prosecution. To-morrow the accused himself will go on the stand, and the defense will rest its case.

Battering constantly against the testimony of Paul Beattie, cousin of the prisoner, as to the purchase of the gun, its delivery of it to Henry, and his subsequent conversations with the accused, the defense introduced several witnesses to cast doubt upon the veracity of Paul. It emphasized that fact when it produced David D. Beattie, Paul's grandfather, and the uncle Henry, who testified that Paul's character was not good. It was another intense period in the trial, for, for apparent regret, the aged man spoke of his grandson's shortcomings.

Neblett Springs Surprise.

A most surprising refutation of Paul's testimony against Paul's testimony came when Ernest H. Neblett, superintendent of a paper making plant, said that on Sunday, July 16, he saw Paul Beattie on the bridge where he worked, carrying a single-barreled shotgun. He had maintained ever since the coroner's inquest that he disposed of the shotgun the same day he bought it, Saturday, July 15, by giving it to Paul.

Subsequently the defense brought witnesses to tell of Mr. Neblett's character, and brought others to bolster Paul's veracity. E. H. Lewis, an employe of the Beattie store in South Richmond, declared that people spoke of Paul Beattie "as the biggest liar in town."

Henry Clay Beattie, Sr., father of the accused, was interrogated for an hour just before court adjourned for the day. As he stepped to the witness stand the prisoner's face flushed. The white-haired man, his face deeply wrinkled and pale, spoke in a voice scarcely above a whisper. Counsel leaned forward over the bench to listen to him. He talked with great effort, repressing an ever recurrent emotion. He told of how his life had been saddened by the death of some of his children, how Henry in his infancy had been neglected because twins came into the family during his boyhood, and described how on this account and the death of his own wife, he had grown closely attached to his son. He described the strong love that had existed between Henry and his ill-fated wife, testifying that he himself grew to love his daughter-in-law as one of his own children.

When Baby Was Born.

"When her baby was born," said Beattie, speaking of the dead woman, "it was like starting life over for me to see the grandchild. It drew us all together very much."

The father spoke highly of his son's character and controverted the testimony of many witnesses for the prosecution that Henry showed no signs of grief after his wife's murder. He declared he sobbed and moaned almost all night after the tragedy.

Henry Clay Beattie, Sr., father of the accused, stated his age at fifty-eight, said that his wife was dead, and that the prisoner was his son and was twenty-seven years of age.

"What age was Henry when his mother died?" asked Attorney Smith.

"About sixteen," the elder Beattie replied

"Have your relations with him since then become closer or more distant on that account?"

"Certainly closer."

"Do you know what his reputation for truth and veracity was among the people with whom you associated?"

"Good."

Eight Years in Store.

"How long has he been with you in your store?"

"Eight years. He has charge of the shoe and gent's furnishings departments and does the buying."

"Did you know about Henry's being involved with this woman, Beulah Binford, two or three years ago.

"Yes."

"How did you learn of it?"

Objection was made by the prosecution that this was not evidence for the defense. The objection was not sustained.

"I heard rumors, and asked him all about it," finally answered Mr. Beattie.

"Did he tell the whole truth about it?"

"Yes."

"Now, Mr. Beattie, that was before his marriage?"

"Yes."

"Had his relations with the woman prior to his marriage been broken off?"

"Yes."

"Was your son's marriage a source of happiness to you and your family?"

"It was not only on account of the girl herself, but because Henry was going to marry."

"What was the relationship between you and your daughter-in-law?"

"When she came into the home she grew upon me, and I came to love her as my own daughter. She was of a lovable disposition."

"Did you show any distinction between her and your other children?"

"Well, I wasn't demonstrative, but I looked upon her as one of my children."

Drew Them Closer Together.

"When the baby was born how did that affect your relations with your daughter?"

"It drew us all closer together."

What were the relations between your son and the daughter-in-law?"

"All that could be desired."

As the father spoke the prisoner flushed and rubbed his eyes constantly. Soon he began to weep.

It was his first breakdown during the trial.

"I never heard a cross word between them," was the answer, the father intently watching his son.

Here the prisoner wept audibly, and his father was much affected, speaking in a low tremulous voice.

"Mr. Beattie, do you remember what time your son left the store with Paul on Saturday night just preceding the homicide?" Attorney Smith continued.

"I could not tell other than it must have been nearly half-past 10."

"Did you see Paul early that evening, too.

"Yes."

"Do you remember what time Henry left your house Tuesday night, the night of the homicide?"

Night of the Murder.

"I was out on the porch and had read as long as there was light to read by. I saw my son back out of the garage with the machine. It must have been around half past 8."

"What was the first intimation that you had of any trouble that night?"

"After reading some time, some one called on the phone. My son, Douglas, went to the phone. I understood from the conversation that Henry or some one was shot and killed. I phoned to Tow Owen and found that Henry had been held up. I went to the house and saw my son with his dead wife. I saw my son's face bleeding and asked him if he was badly hurt—"

"That isn't evidence," interrupted Prosecutor Wendenburg.

The court ruled that the witness could only relate conversations at which others were present, and Mr. Smith changed the question.

"Your son was lying on a sofa when you first saw him?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Yes. I did not know then about his wife."

"What did you say?"

"I asked my son if he was badly hurt. He was sobbing, moaning low and crying. My next thought was about Louise. He told me she was dead."

The father here described the grief demonstrated by his son over the tragedy.

"He moaned and sobbed all night," the elder Beattie said.

"Some witness saw no signs of grief. Did you see any particular manifestations?" asked Lawyer Smith.

"I was noticing him, I think, more particularly than the others. He was grieved, sorely grieved, I know."

"Did you see him put anything in his hand belonging to his wife?"

Wept Over Slipper.

"I was kneeling by his side. He was fondling one of her slippers. He was grieving over it."

"He was grieving over it."

"He was moaning."

"Now, did that state of anguish continue when he was alone with you?"

"Yes, while we were together several times that night."

"Was your son attentive to his wife up to the time of her death?"

"He was. I found no fault with his attentions to her."

"What was his custom with reference to his wife when he left her at morning, at dinner or night?"

"Always kissed her."

"Do you recall seeing or knowing anything about a gauntlet being found in the machine?"

"No."

"Has Henry or any one in your family kept back any clothes or information?"

"Our attitude has been to give everything asked for?"

"Did you ever see that gun before the coroner's inquest?"

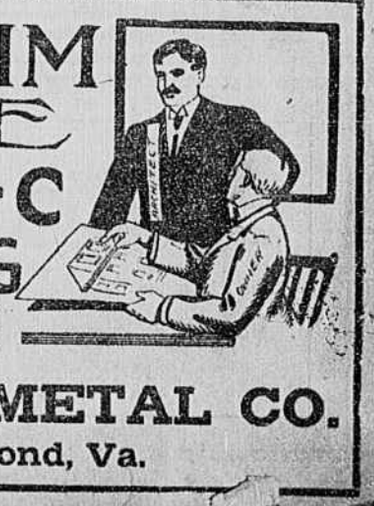
"No."

When Beattie had finished and was ready for cross-examination by the prosecution, Mr. Wendenburg in a husky voice waived the opportunity. It was the first time during the trial that this had occurred.

More as to Blood Spots

Just prior to Mr. Beattie's testimony Detective Jarrell was asked by counsel for defense if he did not tell J. S. Wakefield and members of his family on Thursday following the murder of the presence of two blood spots. He answered in the negative ,and Mr. Wakefield was called to the stand and asked concerning the conversation.

"Mr. Jarrell said to me," declared Wakefield, "that he had found a second blood spot, but could not account for it."

The prosecution on cross-examination attempted to show that Mr. Wakefield read of the second blood spot in a newspaper ,and being deaf misunderstood Mr. Jarrell to say he had been looking for the alleged second blood spot and couldn't find it.

The court adjourned at 5:30 o'clock until to-morrow.